

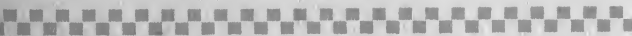
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# IDLE TALK



# TOWN CRITIC





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# IDLE TALK

BY JAC



# TOWN CRITIC



W. R. GUIBERSON, *Town Critic*

# Idle Talk

====BY====

THE TOWN CRITIC

Being Selections from the Humorous  
and Sentimental Writings of  
W. R. Guiberson, in the  
Tulsa Daily World



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1916

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no. 1.



There's nothing half so pleasing like  
When after you have done your best,  
To have the boss come up to you,  
And with a smile of gratitude,  
Express himself most earnestly,  
In telling you he likes the way  
You've done the things assigned to you.  
It seems that better service comes  
From out a feeling such as this;  
And if the bosses over town  
Would only cheer the worthy ones  
And give no space to idlers  
They'd find an extra effort there  
Deserving of the word of cheer.

You know there's lots in being  
Kind; being good natured and  
Ready to find some kind of cheer  
In everything; always happy and  
Ready to sing; meeting your friends  
With a cordial smile; living a life  
That's really worth while; never  
Grumbling or finding fault; never  
Compelled to call a halt to flighty  
Desires or influence; but giving way  
To common sense, letting it guide  
Your daily deeds, filling your wants  
Supplying your needs. Give it a trial  
I'm sure you'll find a great deal of  
Of pleasure in just being kind.

Where is the lady of long ago  
We used to know when we were boys;  
Where is the smile so kind and sweet  
She gave to us that bid us go  
About our work with cheer and grace;  
Where is the sound of gentle voice  
And touch of hand upon our cheek?  
Now can it be that it has passed  
And with the progress of the world,  
New thoughts and ideas have come  
To quench the flame of cherished dreams;  
And in the hurry of the times,  
The gentle words and pleasant smiles  
Are superseded by the reign  
Of vague conventionalities?

A friend of mine was going out  
The other night to 'tend a  
Ball, or party, dance, or what it  
Was, and friend had called  
In taxicab, and waited in the  
Parlor there and wondered if she  
Had forgot, for hour was nearly  
Ten o'clock; and then it was he  
Asked the maid to tell the lady  
Hour was late. The maid replied,  
"The lady, sir, misplaced her  
Gown and can not find, and that  
Is why she is detained." But as  
She spoke the lady called from  
Head of stairs, "I have it Kate.  
I found it 'neath my handkerchief."

A smile is worth while if it  
Comes from the heart and is  
Crowned with a little of cheer;  
But a make-me believe can never  
Deceive and often results in a  
Sneer. A smile may be glad or  
A smile may be sad or a smile  
May be dimmed with a tear;  
However the smile, it is surely  
Worth while if its crowned  
With a little of cheer. A human who  
Sees in nothing to please and  
No kindly word will avail; is  
A dingy old sog, not as good as  
My dog, who smiles with a wag  
Of the tail.

I knew a man whose life was filled  
With every trouble that there was  
And nothing of his future claims  
Did offer hopes of brighter ends.  
But through it all he did maintain  
A balance of unwavering nerve,  
And on the street, with cheerful eye,  
Unto his friends did prompt reply,  
"I'm feeling fine," and with a smile  
Did greet them as they passed.  
This cheer was not a mocking pride,  
And he his troubles overcame;  
And fortune took his radiant smile  
And mingled with his eagerness,  
And wove into his future life  
The thread of joy and happiness.

Did you ever notice people  
As they walk along the street,  
How they seemed to be so taken  
With the things upon display  
Behind the plate-glass windows,  
As they seem to scrutinize  
Every article before them  
In a most admiring way?  
And the boss behind the counter  
Smiles and seems to feel so good,  
That his window is the very best  
Within the neighborhood.  
But if he'd look real closely,  
Oh, how his heart would hurt,  
For it isn't the things in window so much  
As the hang of the coat or skirt.

Is there a man who can't recall  
His schoolboy days down on the farm;  
Who wouldn't give his all to live  
The same old happy days again;  
Who doesn't tingle when he thinks  
Of wooded fields and swimming holes;  
Who has forgotten barefoot days  
Of bruised heels and bleeding toes;  
Who doesn't recollect the times  
His mother whipped him for the things  
He did, she told him not to do?  
If such there is, I say to him,  
You've missed the greatest age in life  
And what a blessing it would be  
If you could stop in your career  
And doff the worries and the care  
And in your thoughts call back again  
Your boyhood days and revel there.



I very often meet the man  
Who's always groveling in the dumps  
And never sees a bit o' cheer  
In anything of life at all;  
Who, when we pass the time o' day  
"Oh, everything seems going wrong  
And life is hardly worth it all."  
I know in every life there comes  
A dreary hour to dark the sun,  
But always sometime 'fore the night  
With cheering rays the sun shines bright.  
So stand erect above the cloud,  
Dispel the thought that all is dark,  
And lift the curtain of despair  
And 'mit a little sunshine there.  
And life will seem a different thing,  
Well worth the trouble that it brings.  
It matters not how dark the sphere,  
A smile will find the brightness there.

To you, the idle fathers of little  
Sons, who are too busy to give  
Them talk or listen to their  
Little tales of sorrow or woe  
Or happiness; who never let them  
Go with you and see the things  
That they should see when only  
You were guiding them; who make  
Them feel that you are bored  
When little questions come to  
You a thousand more or less; who  
Never get right down to them and  
Get acquainted as it were. I want  
To say it isn't right. Your sons  
Need you to counsel with; they  
Need your confidence and more,  
To feel that you were not alone  
Their dad, but really and truly  
A friend.

Along about this time o' year  
When spring is hoverin' nigh;  
Feller gits to feelin' queer,  
Sort o' restless; 'n by and by  
Somethin' kind o' pulls him on,  
And first dern thing he knows,  
He gits out his old fishin' kit  
And up the stream he goes.  
There ain't no use to throw it off,  
There's somethin' in the air  
That sets him itchin' fer a fish  
Along this time o' year.  
He ain't good fer nothin' else,  
Until he's fished it out—  
Just a dreamin' of a stream  
That's filled with bass er trout.  
I ain't talkin' on hearsay,  
Fer I feel it comin' on;  
And when it does, I want to say  
There ain't no use, I'm gone.

I ordered a plumber the other day  
And he came in, looked it over and  
Got out his rule and took some  
Measurements and went away and  
After a while he came again and  
Brought his tools and a lot of pipe  
And fittings and things to use and  
It wouldn't fit and he measured  
Again and went away and cut his  
Pipe and then came back and started  
To put his junk in place and found  
He hadn't an ell or a tee he should  
Have had and went away, came again  
And forgot his wrench and then it  
Was my patience failed and I said  
Things I can not write and he did  
Too. He finished the job and I  
Was glad. Instead of an hour I paid  
Him for four. Do you blame me much  
For being sore?

How many times I've seen the man  
Who never answers to the hour;  
And how I've waited for him there  
Until my patience overrun,  
Brought forth expressions I regret.  
And to him now who says to me,  
"I'll meet you there at half past three,"  
And when the hour at last arrives,  
And I am there to keep my word  
But he is not, and what is more  
He doesn't care or have a thought  
Of me or mine, or of the time  
I've spent for him and him alone;  
I wish to say to such as he—  
That in the world of business men,  
You are the worst, and to me, sir,  
The most disgusting of them all;  
And 'less you change this awful fault  
You'll never reach the goal you've sought  
For after all he merits most  
Who meets the hour whate'er the cost.

There ain't no use fer to  
Fume and fret, because of the  
Things you didn't get; fer  
Fumin' and frettin' won't do any  
Good, it only adds to your  
Dingy mood. And it gits you  
Feelin' 'sour and blue' 'till you  
Git to a stage whatever you  
Do seems wrong, and there is  
Nothin' right, and you git in  
The dumps and all seems night,  
As fur as any hope's concerned,  
And you swear an oath, that the  
World be derved; that there ain't  
No justice as fur as you've  
Learned. But it ain't nobody's  
Fault but yourn, and if you'll  
Brace and make a turn and try  
To find the brighter side, you'll  
Be a deal more satisfied. So  
Cast the grouch and wear a smile  
And things will prosper after while.

Two men there were. One went about  
In most dejected lethargy  
Nor saw the brightness in the life—  
But only dark and dismal thoughts  
Did fill his mind of future things  
And when he spoke of what he had  
His voice was filled with bitterness.  
And for the failures that he made  
He blamed the world, and with a curse  
Declared that no man could succeed  
If people would persist in thoughts  
That he was just a common man  
Instead of one superior;  
And while he thus condemned it all  
The other worked with what he had,  
Contented with his present course,  
And with a challenge bid the world  
A friendly combat for success.  
And just the same as he had lived,  
The one went down to meet his fate.  
The other grew and in the end  
Success did crown his eagerness.

There was a man as poor as dirt  
And many days he went about  
With hardly half enough to eat,  
He had no winter clothes to wear.  
His shoes were worn, his feet were bare.  
One day when he was nearly down,  
He met a man who gave him food  
And money, too, to buy some clothes,  
And gave him work to earn his bread.  
The months passed on, this man did gain,  
And fortune favored every turn  
Until at last he grew to be  
A man of wealth. And as he gained,  
Through sad reverses undeserved  
This kind old friend who gave him food  
Became as poor as once he was.  
And when one day in desperate mood  
He went to him and asked for food  
The rich man now, turned with a sneer  
And said, "What are you doing here?"  
Now which of these the better man,—  
The kind and sympathetic soul,  
Or he, the cold, the heartless, rude,  
Devoid of all, e'en gratitude?



If I could say the things I want  
About the man who sits and  
Talks of the things he's done and could  
Have done, the printer wouldn't  
Print them here and I  
Would be without a job.  
So I will tone myself to say  
The things I can and let it go.  
And if the man who thinks that  
All the world depends on him;  
That if he only had the  
Chance he'd clean the land  
Of vice and wrong; that people  
Must admit that he is smarter  
Far than all the rest, should  
Read these lines let it suffice  
To simply say that he who  
Thus is so imbued with self  
Importance as to think that no  
Event how great or small was  
Not at first his own, is as  
The bubble from the soap that swells  
And swells and then it  
Bursts and naught is left  
But just a drop.

He limped upon the city's  
Streets and every step a  
Shot of pain did penetrate  
The very depths of feeling  
That he had. But not a  
Thought of him there was  
And with his pain he plod  
Along, nor did he think of  
Any rest the future had for  
Him. His body showed the  
Lack of food, his unkempt  
Sides the lack of care, and  
On the seat behind him there  
His master sat with whip in  
Hand and as he lingered in  
His pace, beat down upon his  
Aching sides and cursed him  
As with increased pain he  
Strove to do his will.  
Oh, man! How brutal are thy  
Ways. How merciless thy hands  
I would that you might be  
The horse and this poor  
Limping creature for the  
Moment be the man.

If I might have the things I  
Wish 'twould not be gold nor  
Land; 'twould be a simple  
Mountain home where nature's  
Mighty hand doth paint each  
Day a different scene to  
Soothe the restless one. The  
Trees, the rocks, the snow-capped  
Peaks, from which the waters run  
To meet the sparkling brooks  
Below and ever as they flow, the  
Ferns and flowers in sweet  
Content doth nod and smile and  
Grow. Indeed a home for godly  
Things, for He doth seem so near;  
And in the heart a sacred thought  
And reverential fear. So give me  
Home in mighty hills where  
Silence broods and spells; where  
Moaning sounds of singing pines  
Subdues and soothes and quells.  
Where all of nature seems so  
Glad and gladsome nature all,  
There in midst of mighty woods  
I'll answer beck and call.

Today a New Year's ushered in,  
And if each day it falls my lot,  
To be of service unto him  
Who in his sorrow needs a friend,  
I shall have felt no more or less  
Than just a simple duty done;  
And in the doing feel the good  
That comes from kindness understood.  
I shall feel good if I am strong  
To cast aside that which is wrong,  
And if I may from day to day  
Speak kindly all the words I say,  
And smile on him who needs a smile,  
And laugh if it may help to cheer,  
And prize the friendship I have won,  
I shall feel good for what I've done.  
I shall feel good if all my acts  
Will bear the scrutiny of facts;  
If I may hold the friendship, love  
Of those who toil with me the day;  
And feel no conscience-stricken thought  
At end of week, I take my pay;  
If half my thoughts of others are,  
Not all of self and my own care;  
I shall feel good if I may do  
That which pleases you and you.

A young man came into my shop  
And as he sat and talked to  
Me I saw him pull from out  
His case a cigaret and light  
It there and after just a few  
Long puffs did deftly cast  
It down. And many times he did  
The same and as he told me of  
His wares I counted eight or  
Nine and saw the stains upon  
His hands, and noticed in his  
Attitude the lack of keenness  
There. And all his efforts to  
Convince bore not the weight  
Of argument. And as he rose to  
Leave me there, I said to him  
“Young man beware, for what I  
Tell you now is true—keen  
Competition is the force  
Against which man must strive  
And striving he must have the  
Strength and clearness to  
Perceive, but cigaretts are  
Not the source from which  
These things are come.” He  
Listened with attentive ear  
And opened up his silver case  
And when I finished, smiling, said,  
“Have a cigaret?”

The other day I stood on fields  
Where nearly sixty years before  
Our soldiers fought and bled and died.  
And as the story of the fight  
Was told to me by one who fought,  
In fancy I could see them there  
And hear the roar of shot and shell;  
But no, the soldiers—cold gray stones,  
The sound—the silence and the spell.  
And tho' 'twas nearly three score years  
Since what he told me he had done,  
He seemed to live it all again  
And as he named them one by one  
And told how each fought hand to hand,  
From Chickamauga battle field  
To Missionary Ridge, and stand  
Beneath the hottest fire of all—  
My blood did tingle in my veins,  
Inspired by him whose faltering tongue  
Was thrilled with memories of the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

A hundred guns stand in their place  
Just as they stood so long ago;  
Like sentinels they stand and guard  
The heroes of the friend and foe.  
For side by side they lie in death  
Countless heroes of the day,  
The same to him who wore the blue,  
The same to him who wore the gray.

You know I've racked my brain of late  
To figure out just punishment  
For him who sits beside you there  
In movie show, and squirms and twists  
Throughout it all; who stabs you with  
His elbow, then, brings up his foot  
To cross his legs, and as he does  
Knocks from your lap your brand new hat  
And, as it falls upon the floor  
The usher kicks it down the aisle;  
Then presently he changes feet  
And as he does he wipes the mud  
From off his shoes upon your pants  
And steps upon your sorest corn;  
Or spreads his knees in front of him  
Until you've scarcely room to sit.  
Well all of this you stand with grace  
Until he starts to leave the place,  
When with a swoop swings on his coat  
And musses up your hair, and more,  
Knocks your glasses on the floor.  
'Tis then you tell him what you think.  
He looks at you with maddened stare  
As if you had no business there,  
And answers, "If a gentleman  
With dignity can't see this show  
Without insults, I'd like to know."  
Will some kind reader tell to me  
What hope there is for such as he?

Just night before last I happened  
To meet a couple of boys on a  
Darkened street. And they were of  
Ages, perhaps nine and ten ; and as  
I drew nearer I noticed then that  
They were indeed both manly boys,  
No doubt of good home with real  
Homely joys. But each in his lips  
His features to mar, held firmly  
A long and lighted cigar ; and  
The smoke rose in volumes as  
Each puffed away, oblivious no  
Doubt to the world and its way.  
Now listen, my boys, for I want  
To tell of a bright little fellow  
Whom I knew so well, who would  
Steal out at night, just the same  
As you two, and would smoke his  
Cigar and often would chew, for it  
Follows the other when it once  
Gets a start, and it all came  
About 'cause he thought it was  
Smart. Well, this little boy never  
Grew to be much, always dull in  
His studies, played hooky and such.  
And when through the years to  
Manhood he grew, he was stunted in  
Growth and intellect, too.  
So be careful, my boys, for you  
Want to grow to be men among  
Men whom the world loves to  
Know.



It happened down at the "Daily  
Breeze." 'Twas a banquet rich  
And rare, and they served the  
Boys just what they chose,  
For expenses they didn't care.  
The editor ordered up scrambled  
Brains, the manager a plate of  
Nerve, while the man at the  
Desk who handles the shears  
Said "Anything you can serve."  
And then came the man who  
Handles the cash, with a manner  
You all well know. "Just give me  
A platter of solid gold and on  
It a little 'dough'." And then  
Came the girl who sits at the  
'Desk and sends in society's  
Stick: "Just give me some toast  
With some boiled-down salve and  
Spread it on good and thick."  
And then the man who handles  
The ads spoke up and he made a  
Hit. "Just give me something  
That nobody 'wants' and I will  
Dispose of it." And then the  
Reportorial staff, with heels  
Worn down to the sole. "Just give  
Us a dish of something new, for  
We can't bear anything old."  
And on down the line the banquet  
Was served till the devil came  
In with a cry, as he stumbled,  
Fell, he was heard to say "Hell!  
My order got mixed with the pie."

The other day I wanted a hat, and  
Hadn't bet on the election and had  
To buy it, and went into a clothing  
Store and met a man who's paid by  
The week to make you feel you own  
The store whenever you come to buy  
A tie or a collar or a pair of  
Socks, he bowed and smiled, says  
"What'll you have?" I told him I  
Wanted to look at a hat, and he  
Took me around where the hats were  
Piled and I tried one that I  
Didn't like and he said to me it's  
Just what you want and I said  
That it wasn't; that it didn't fit,  
But he told me it did, and any way if  
'Twas any smaller it wouldn't do;  
'Twas all the style to wear  
Them large, so large, in fact, they  
Come down to your ears, and this hat  
Did and so I bought it and went  
Away and when I got home my wife  
Just laughed and told me the hat was  
Much too large, but I surmised  
She didn't know the latest style;  
And wore it too church and friends  
All laughed and Monday I took it  
Back to the store and wanted to trade  
It for one that fit, but they said  
No, because I'd worn it, and I asked  
Them what a hat was for, if they  
Thought I bought it to carry  
Around. And I had to keep it. And  
After this when I buy a hat or a  
Tie or shoes or anything, I'll go  
To another store I know and if the  
Fellow lets me buy the things I  
Want and doesn't try to sell me  
Things I do not want, I'll tell my  
Friends about that store and try  
To get them patronage.

Last Sunday morn at early hour,  
I walked upon the city streets  
And saw a friend, a genial man,  
And he was running here and there  
And picking something from the streets  
And putting them in Sunday hat.  
And when I asked him what it was,  
He looked at me disgustedly  
And answered "Apples, can't you see?"  
I said to him, "Why don't you buy  
Your apples at the grocery store?"  
He said, "I did and other things,  
A half-a-hundred, more or less,"  
And then I saw the "other things,"  
Some coffee strewn about the ground;  
A bag of eggs, and in its fall  
The eggs had changed identity,  
Some sugar and a loaf of bread;  
And as he stood and looked at them,  
I asked him how it came about.  
He told me he had started 'cross,  
When a jitney bus at lightning speed  
Did honk its horn, and when he jumped  
He slipped and fell—"You know the rest;  
And after this when wife forgets  
To order groceries Saturday,  
I'll go uptown to restaurant.  
And now when I can find the man,  
The driver of the jitney bus,  
I'll drag him firmly from his seat  
Into some blind alley near,  
And when I finish—ambulance  
Will carry him to hospital;  
And when I tell policeman there  
The reason I did beat him up,  
He'll let me go, I know he will."

I went into a barber shop,  
Pulled off my collar, coat and vest,  
And asked the barber for a shave;  
I thought I knew my own desires,  
And what I wanted was a shave.  
But ere the barber finished me,  
I had a shave, a haircut, too,  
A shampoo and a face massage,  
And while this all was going on  
The negro blacked my brand new shoes,  
And they were patent leather, too;  
And when I 'rose to dress myself,  
The bootblack brushed and brushed my clothes,  
And when I reached for a cigar,  
He struck a match and lighted it;  
And took my hat and rubbed it down,  
And helped me on with overcoat;  
And stood and bowed and grinned and stepped,  
And then I gave to him a dime,  
And he seemed pleased and then went back  
And when I went up and paid my bill—  
Instead of a shave 'twas dollar 'n half  
And I went out and thought to myself,  
"If I ever go into a barber shop  
And call for a shave, get nothing more,  
I'd want to have that barber's name,  
And have it framed in letters gold,  
And tell my friends about him, too;  
And once in a while I'd let him shave  
And cut my hair and wash my head,  
Massage my face and give me a bath,  
Or anything he wanted to do—  
And tip him a dollar when he got through."

The other day I called to see  
A friend of mine who works  
For a firm which occupies the  
Third floor most, of one of our  
Largest buildings here. At the  
End of the hall I met a boy  
Who said to me, "What is your  
Name and what do you want and  
Whom do you wish to see?" And  
As he spoke he gave me a pad  
And I wrote it down and he  
Went out and then came back  
And said to me, "You'll have to  
Wait." I did, and as I did, I  
Heard the orders this boy  
Got and none of them were  
Very kind and some of them  
Did growl at him; but not a  
Word did this boy say but did  
Whatever he was told. And  
Then I left and saw my friend.  
As I retired I met the boy,  
At the elevator shaft was he,  
And as the negro passed him up  
He yelled at him in accents  
Loud, "Why don't you watch your  
Bell, you crazy chump." And thus  
It was he had his sway. Who knows  
But when the elevator boy  
Retired, he went home and cursed  
His dog.

Since the barbers have all raised the  
Price of a shave, I've thought of the  
Nickels and dimes I might save, and  
Purchased a safety with blades, strop  
And all, that shaves one as smooth as  
A slick billiard ball, without e'en a scratch  
Or a pull or a miss—it was  
Guaranteed to do all of this. I  
Followed instructions and read all  
The dope, used boiling hot water  
And the right kind of soap. I  
Lathered and rubbed in, to soften the  
Hair, and then started in with  
This safety affair. It may be that  
Some rule I failed to obey; that I  
Didnt hold right, or pulled the  
Wrong way. It seemed that each  
Move of this shaving device did  
Pull out a whisker or clip off a  
Slice. I tugged and I pulled  
And I labored and swore if I ever  
Lived through it, I'd do it no more.  
And when I had finished, I cleaned  
Up the junk and put it away deep  
Down in my trunk, and gave up the  
Thought of the nickels I'd save,  
Went back to my barber and  
Asked for a shave.

I reached my home the other night  
And found upon the table there  
An invitation to appear  
Some few nights hence to play the game  
Of Auction Bridge, and truly sir  
I love the game and promptly as  
Per proper dope I R-S-B-  
B-D'd that at the proper hour  
I'd answer call and be prepared  
To shuffle pasteboards in due form.  
I went, and to my great surprise  
I found some women played the game  
As well as I, and others who  
Knew not the value of the cards.  
The game commenced and as we played  
A lady sat behind my chair  
And picked the cards from out my hands  
And criticized my partner's plays  
Until I really didn't know  
A single thing about the game.  
And after this when I am called  
To play the game of Auction Bridge  
I'll take the place of one of those  
Who sit behind the player's chair  
And if I whisper e'en a word  
About the cards he should have played  
I hope that he will rise and kick  
Me sprawling from the lady's house.

My Mother, thy memory  
Sweet doth dwell within the  
Sacred precincts of my heart.  
In fancy, again I see thy smile  
And hear thy gentle voice—a  
Smile and voice such as only a  
Mother's love can give. In my  
Dreams I walk with thee through  
The blooming days of my  
Childhood and realize that thy  
Guardianship did mold for me a  
Character; that thy words of  
Comfort and wisdom were a  
Shining light upon life's highway.  
In sickness or in joy thou wert  
Ever with me. My comfort even  
Unto thine own discomfort was  
Ever uppermost. And today as I  
Look back upon thy life of  
Sacrifice, sacrifice I did not  
Then know, I shudder with shame  
And wonder if God will forgive.  
Ah, what would I not give if  
Time could only turn backward  
In its flight and make me a  
Child again. Knowing what I



Now know ; recalling the trials  
And tribulations that came to  
That noble mother, I would  
Ask no greater privilege than  
This, to show my deep appreciation  
Of her motherly devotion and to  
Form my actions so that never  
For one brief space of time would  
They betray that appreciation.  
Young men and women, to you, who  
Still are blessed with noble  
Mothers, let me ask, do you realize  
All that you owe to them? Your  
Lives, your names, your characters  
Bear the imprint of their life's  
Blood as it trickled out during  
Hours of labor and pain that you  
Might come to be ; guiding your  
Footsteps along life's pathway  
Until at last you grew to be men  
And women. Still they watch over  
You and nightly pray that you  
Will so live as to be an honor to  
The name of mother. Be kind,  
Be gentle ; no sacrifice should be too  
Great to do them honor.

With turkeys at thirty cents a  
Pound and cranberries soarin'  
High; and pumpkins almost out o'  
Sight—no other kind o' pie  
Would fill the bill on such a  
Day—it's lookin' mighty short for  
The feller who hasn't much to  
Spend, thou feelin' that he ort.  
It's kind o' been a custom with  
Him and me and they, to have a  
Turkey dinner on each Thanksgivin'  
Day; our folks all counted on it,  
Mince pies and pumpkin too; cranberry  
Sauce and peach preserves and maybe  
Just a few little trimmin's  
Mother made to set it off jest right,  
But things haint like they used ter  
Be, gone clean out o' sight. Don't  
Seem like Thanksgivin' Day without  
It yet I guess folks orter be real  
Thankful with what they have and  
Jest get along the best they can—  
There's some that's worse than they,  
Who never knowed jest what it was  
To have Thanksgivin' Day.

Gettin' kind o' lazy, feel it comin'  
On; can't tell when 'll git me 'er  
Jest when I'll be gone; but when  
The spirit moves me, I ain't got long  
To stay, fer I'll jest pack my fishin'  
Kit an'—an' slip away. Ain't no power  
Can hold me when that fishin' bug  
Comes 'round, there ain't no use  
To argy fer I tell you I'm jest  
Bound to git out on the river, don't  
Care how hot the day' er whether fish  
Are bitin', I'm goin' to have my way.  
Sure is heaps o' comfort for a feller  
Who likes to fish, and to him who  
Thinks it's foolish, I want to say,  
"Jest hesh, you don't know what you're  
Talkin' 'bout, ain't ketched no fish,  
And more, never will, don't know how,  
Jest naturally feelin' sore." And so  
I'm gettin' lazy, feel it comin on;  
Can't tell when 'll git me 'er jest  
When I'll be gone; but when the  
Spirit moves me I ain't got long to  
Stay, fer I'll jest pack my fishin'  
Kit an'—an' slip away.

When I was sick the other day,  
I called a man whom the neighbors say  
Is an osteopath, or something like that,  
And this is the story I want to tell—  
He gave me a treatment, and I got well.  
But I'm not surprised, the way he went at it;  
He twisted my neck, unjointed my back,  
Pulled my legs (literally speaking),  
Then up and down my spinal cord,  
Pulling and pushing and twisting and turning—  
"You'd make a good baker," I said to him,  
"For you surely knead the bread."  
He answered, "I need the 'dough',"  
But said it wasn't personal;  
And then he gave my neck a twist.  
I said to him, "I need a haircut,"  
For that was the first time in all my life  
I had easily seen the back of my neck.  
And when he finished and said he was through  
I was all back in shape and as good as new.  
It's pretty rough treatment, and has some faults,  
But it tastes lots better than Epsom salts.

Born and raised out on a ranch,  
Lived there all my boyhood days,  
Until I reached majority.  
Then somehow, sort o' happen so,  
Kind o' just slipped into town,  
Got in business and settled down  
To a regular grinding sort o' way,  
The same tomorrow as you have today;  
Seems like nothing ever new,  
Just the same thing through and through,  
Always wishing to get out there,  
Out on the farm in the open air.  
But when it comes this time o' year,  
The sun's warm rays through the atmosphere,  
Just sets you dreamin' in a sort o' daze,  
And it all comes back in a hundred ways.  
And you smell the odor of new-mown hay,  
And upturned sod, and flowers and grass;  
And hear the call of the whippoorwill;  
And the air all silence and lone and still.  
It's mighty inviting this time o' year  
When the sun beats soft and the spring is here.

I saw a man take down his 'phone  
And heard him call in voice distinct  
A number of some friend of his,  
And watched him wait for a reply.  
And when the central answered him,  
"There's no response," he spoke to  
Her in angry tones, and what he  
Said I can not write, and with a  
Slam he hung it up, and cursed  
The girl who tried to get  
The number that he wanted there.  
Now if this man would only  
Sit and watch the centrals as  
They work and see the troubles  
That they have and how they strive  
To please, humiliation would  
Subdue his angry temper, and again  
When he would be obliged to call  
A number and the central should  
Again reply, "There's no response,"  
He'd say to her, "I thank you, dear,"  
And just feel good for what he was—  
A gentleman.

I remember well I sayin' at school  
That sin would find you out; but  
Politics is worse 'n sin, at least  
It's just about. A man who runs fer  
Office never knows how bad he is  
Until he gits to goin' and cracky  
How they siz. Makes no difference  
What he's been er what he does er  
How; he's just about the meanest man  
That ever took a vow. Things he never  
Know'd afore about his own affairs,  
Comes loomin' up afore him like a  
Flight o' windin' stairs. Never did  
A honest deed, to hear his 'ponents  
Talk; nothin' ever like it, was ever  
In his stock. Jest a common renegade  
The worst in all the land, when a man  
Gits into politics and tries to make  
A stand. There h'ain't no use in talkin'  
Sir, you'll allers have to fix and be  
Accused of everything when in fer  
Politics.

If your mother was old and  
Feeble and gray and was poor  
Like others are and had to  
Work the whole long day just  
To keep the hungry wolf away,  
Would you be ashamed when she  
Passed by to tell your friends  
How sweet she was and that you  
Loved her just the same as if  
She wore the finest silks and  
All the jewels wealth could  
Buy? Then when you pass upon  
The street some poor old lady  
Worn and bent, don't pass her  
With a fiendish sneer and  
Wonder what she's doing here  
But if she looks into your  
Face smile back at her and  
Give her place. If not your  
Own please bear in mind  
She's some one's loving mother.



Did you ever notice how nice  
It was at a musical or a  
Social or a tea or anything in  
The afternoon, to have some  
Artist play some perfectly  
Beautiful selection on the  
Piano while the guests are  
Coming in and getting acquainted  
And then after the affair is  
Over and everybody has sung  
Or read or whatever it is, to  
Play again while the guests are  
Expressing to each other how  
Perfectly lovely it was and  
Saying good-by and everything?  
And did you ever notice how  
Delighted and thrilled the  
Pianist was?

Speaking of mother, so natural it seems  
To pour out our love in sweetest dreams,  
We think of her tender loving cares,  
And our heart begins melting unawares,  
And tears of sorrow bedim our eyes,  
When we think of mother and her sacrifice.  
But now we come, 'tis father's day,  
And to you we love we wish to say,  
That while in the past poetic themes  
Have been of mother, and mother's dreams,  
'Twas not because we loved you less,  
But for mother, the love and tenderness,  
Seemed more at place, and words and thought  
Did brighten you, for the joy it brought.  
So father dear, we honor you.  
Our thoughts are with you through and through.  
With reverence due, we sing your praise,  
Our fathers, the builders of other days.

The sky is filled with blackest clouds  
And all the air is cold and chill;  
And wind doth moan from morn till night  
Beneath the misfit window sill.  
And out upon the frozen street  
The click and clatter of the hoofs;  
And up above, the branches play  
Their tattoo on shattered roof.  
'Tis winter and its biting frost  
Doth grip the world with stinging power;  
And everywhere within its path,  
The shriveled plant and drooping flower.  
How sad, and yet above the cloud,  
The sun doth shine with brilliant ray;  
And hope and cheer doth linger there  
To welcome spring's returning day.  
And often when your all seems gone  
A ray of hope doth spur you on.

The man or woman, child or babe,  
Who, with no thought of other ones,  
Will carelessly or otherwise  
Deposit 'neath the table frame,  
In places where the public dine,  
Large gobs of masticated gum;  
So when we sit to eat our food,  
We rub our knees against the wood,  
And lo! They stick, the gum holds on,—  
(Another pair of pants are gone)  
I say the one who sticks it there,  
Is now the subject of my thought;  
And I would like to say to him  
Just what I think, but rules of press  
Will not permit me to express  
The few kind (?) words, so let it slide  
I'll hold my tongue and there abide.

The man who lives in this day and age  
Who goes to church and everything  
And doesn't smoke or chew or drink  
And stays home nights and reads aloud  
Some story book his wife admires  
And gets the breakfast every morn  
And never goes to picture shows  
Unless his wife goes with him, too;  
And when some friend invites him out  
To have a little game of bridge  
Does then reply, "I'm sorry, sir,  
I can not come, my wife is ill,"  
To tell the truth who'd rather be  
At home with her than anywhere—  
Deserves a medal as big as your hat.  
He may be a martyr, but he's right at that.

To him who sits by his open  
Window in office building and  
Chews and chews the filthy weed  
And expectorates out into the  
Open air and down upon the  
Passing throng with never a  
Thought or seeming care, I wish  
To say that you deserve the  
Worst there is on earth to come.  
I speak the voice of one who  
Was recipient of juicy gob that  
Fell upon my Sunday hat. Not for  
The hat I care so much, although  
It was a brand new Knox, as for  
The thought, yea even more, I was  
A human cuspidor.

Did you ever stop and picture  
Scenes of childhood with your  
Mother and think of how she  
Sacrificed for you? Would you  
Do the things you used to, say  
The things she told you not to,  
If she were only here to love  
You now? Too bad we didn't  
Know her as we see her smiling  
Yonder, just waiting for the  
Time we are to come. But if the  
World could counter and roll  
Back the years we've missed her  
We would clasp our arms about  
Her form and kiss away the  
Sorrows that we brought.

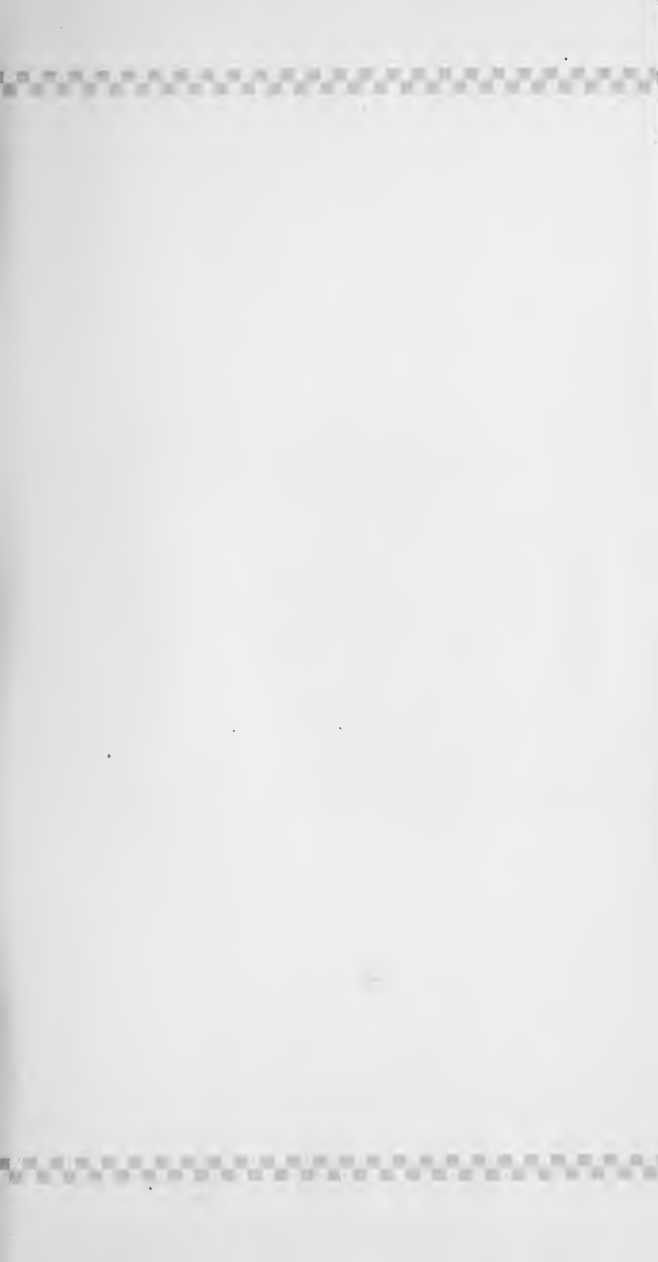
If the man who told me that  
When the dogwood was in blossom  
The fish would bite, will come to my office  
Tomorrow morning at half-past ten,  
I'll tell him what I think about  
The dogwood and the fish, and also  
What I think about a man who  
Will give a real good friend such a steer,  
And do it intentionally, with malice aforethought,  
Knowing full well that the fish do not know  
A thing about trees or flowers or anything.  
I went out yesterday and I fished all day,  
Didn't get a bit, all on his say,  
And I never saw such beautiful dogwood,  
In bloom anywhere, but the fish didn't know it.

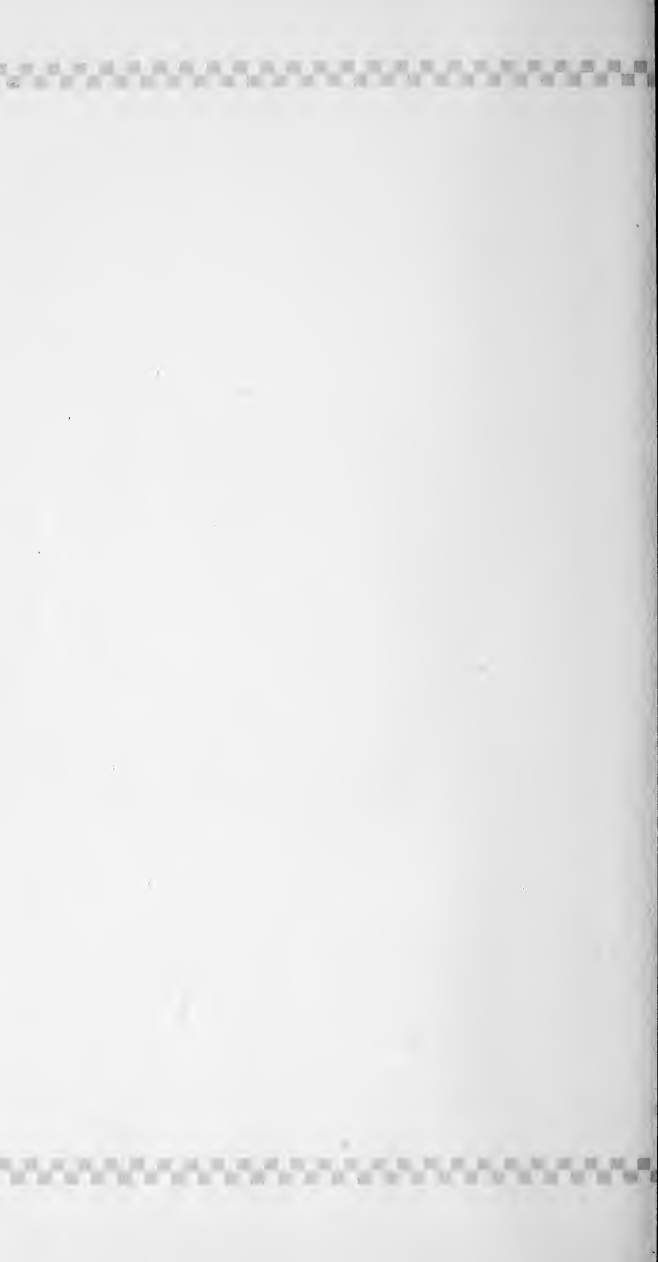


Can you show me a hero of greater renown  
Than the baseball pitcher in his own home town?  
Speaking of heroes, there's none I say  
Compared with the pitcher who wins today.  
For he will live in the hearts of men  
For years and years and years, and then  
They'll tell how in the final game  
With three on bases and no one out,  
He fanned the next three men at bat  
And didn't exert himself at that;  
And then at last, when he came up  
With a man on first, he hit the ball  
And over the fence like out of a gun  
And they scampered home, and the game was won.  
Can you show me a hero of greater renown  
Than the baseball pitcher in his own home town?

The Spectator Publishing Co.  
*Publishers,* Tulsa, Okla.

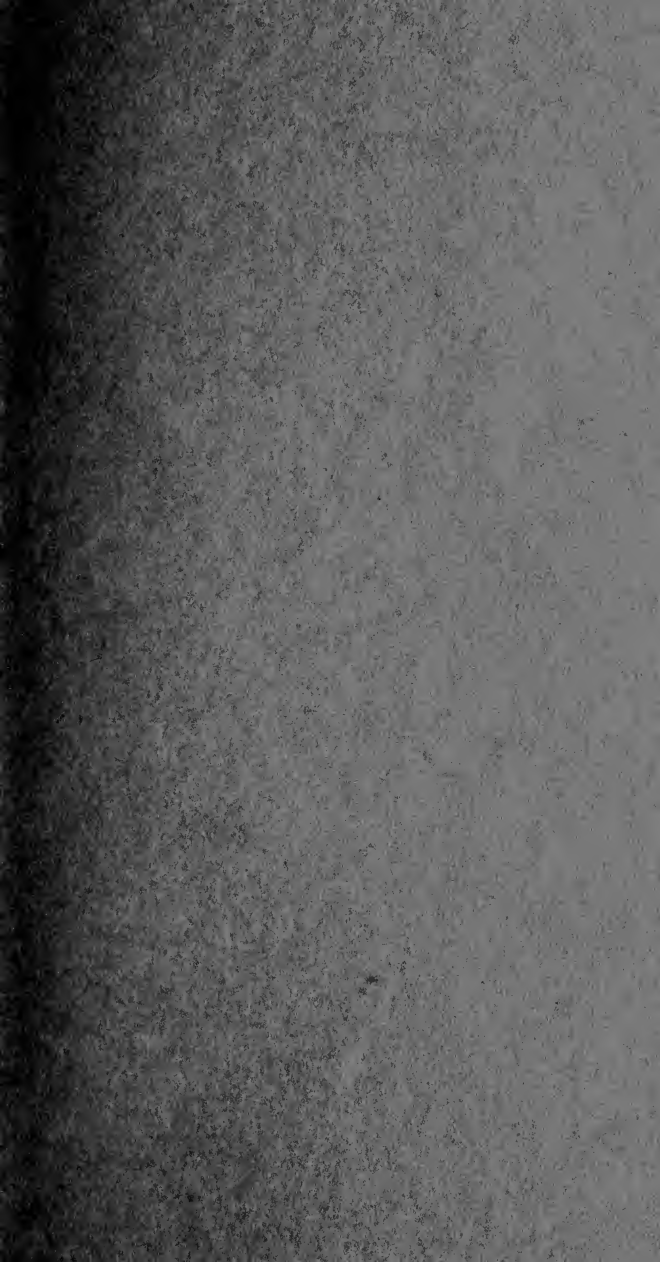












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